We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.
Chief watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels,

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

And know their spring, their head, the
And then will I be generall of your w
And leade you euen to death, meane t
And let mischance be slaue to patienc
Bring foorth the parties of suspition.
Frier. I am the greatest able to do l
Yet most suspected as the time and pl
Doth m[illegible] against me of this direfull
And heere I stand both to i peach a
My selfe condemned, and my selfe ex
Prin. Then say at once what thou do
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short d
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to th
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* fai
I married them, and their stolne ma
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vnti
Banisht the new-made Bridegroom
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iulie*
You to remoue that siege of griefe f
Betrothd and would haue married h
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she
And with wild lookes bid me deuis
To rid her from this second mariage
Or in my Cell there would she kill
Then gaue I her (so tutord by my a
A sleeping potion, which so tooke
As I intended, for it wrought on h
The forme of death, meane time I
That he should hither come as this
To help to take her from her borro
Being the time the potions force sh
But he which bore my letter, Frier
Was stayed by accident, and yest
Returnd my letter back, then all alo
At the prefixed hower of her waki

M